

CITY SUFFERS FROM A HEAVY RAINFALL

Washouts and Floods Abundant Punchbowl and Makiki Ditches Burst Through—Suburban Sections Under Water.

"Nearly four and a half inches of rain have fallen in the twenty-four hours ending at ten o'clock this evening," said the Government Meteorologist, Professor Lyons, at a late hour last night.

"I cannot guarantee a fine Christmas day," he added, "as there is no immediate prospect for clearing weather. A wet Christmas is in sight for Honolulu, but I hope it will be a merry and happy one for all."

Jupiter Pluvius turned loose his flood gates upon Honolulu and vicinity yesterday. In fact for the past twenty-four hours the city and outlying districts received the initial drenching of the winter.

While the storm seems to have brought about no great damage to property, nevertheless it has caused a large amount of inconvenience to persons residing in the lower portions of Honolulu.

That the rain should descend in such volumes just prior to Christmas was regretted by the business men who had laid great stress on the fact that the Christmas eve trade was to have been a record-breaker. The elements did not succeed in keeping the masses away to any extent, although the downpour robbed the scene upon the streets somewhat of its holiday aspect. The Christmas cheer was entirely too strong and potent even to be dampened by the drenching rain prevailing throughout the day and evening.

Sports Declared Off.

The inclement weather had its effect upon sports and recreation generally. Baseball and golf games were declared off. The Polo enthusiasts declared abstinence at the lowering skies, took a survey of Kapiolani Park which abounded in lakes and inlets, then looked sad and declared that no game would be played. There was some talk of postponing the event until Saturday, but those interested most favored having the contest for a New Year's day diversion. Baseballists soon sized up the Makiki field, and speedily arrived at the conclusion that if a contest in the National sport was pulled off in that locality on Christmas day it could only be accomplished by the aid of several garbage scows and a steam tug. The grounds were flooded.

Yesterday's rain was the heaviest of the season. It was the commencement of the winter's precipitation. It was a day in which rubber shoes, umbrellas, and mackintoshes were played strongly as favorites. The individual not possessed of these necessities soon connected with the desired article, then sallied out and joined in the general dampness.

Out Kewalo Way.

Out Kewalo way the rain probably made itself most manifest. While this district is always subject to inundations at every rainfall the result of yesterday's downpour has caused much discomfort to the residents in that part of the city. That section bounded by King and South streets, and the outlying country towards Waikiki, is one at which a most skillful navigator would stand aghast. Along Lanikai, Queen and Cooke streets, and Ward avenue, the water in many places would require a yard stick to ascertain its depth. People residing along these thoroughfares have in some cases sought a higher locality. The drivers of many delivery wagons whose business called them to the flooded district were treated to an impromptu bath while engaged in their occupation. The water reached the beds of the wagons, and the commanders of these vehicles of commerce were obliged to seek refuge upon the seat.

In the business district the streets fared much better. The sewer system put in along Fort and Queen streets about a year ago did valiant work in carrying off the volume of waste waters. The thorough repairing to which down town streets have been subjected has resulted in but little damage being done by the rains. The top dressing of fine macadam, and black sand stood the fury of the elements in first class shape.

Dry Sand Near Capital.

One of the greatest improvements noted was the square separating the Capitol grounds from the Judiciary buildings. This plaza had but recently been macadamized, and where in former times it had been an impassable mud hole in stormy weather, throughout yesterday it was as free from mud as the best stretch of sidewalk in the downtown district.

Of course the waterfront was more or less affected by the storm, the esplanade abounding in pools of mud and water. This state of affairs did

not disconcert the skippers who looked upon the inundation as an old friend.

King street, from Punahou to Waikiki turn, was covered with water. In the vicinity of Cottage Grove, the water had risen to such height last evening, that it came up to the floors of the tram cars. A torrent was pouring down Pilikoi street. The volume of water came from the slopes of Tantalus, and it sped along with the force of a mill race. This water was diverted to the already large flood covering King street.

Pain Car on Sidewalk.

The street car lines were more or less delayed in making their schedules. The Pain line maintained an indifferent service on the King street branch, while the Beretania cars ran at occasional periods. There did not seem to be much trouble out Nuuanu street, hence the cars in that district kept in motion. On Fort street the Pain cars were occasionally seen on the sidewalk, leaving the track for a dry level.

The Rapid Transit line was shut down for a brief interval in the afternoon. There was also some delay occasioned by the washing out of part of the new track in the upper part of town.

In the vicinity of Brewer's wharf on the waterfront, the water threatened to invade the floors of the various business places there. It was claimed that the recent improvements in the wharf had caused the water to rise to greater height in order to float in the sea. Yesterday's rains indicated that the surplus flood was running under the shed and rendered the approach to the wharf anything but agreeable.

Inclement weather greatly retarded the loading of cargo aboard the steamship Alameda at Oceanic dock. The street leading to the wharf was well-nigh impassable at times, but despite these difficulties drays and trucks formed a continuous procession and waded through murky depths and under the shelter of the wharf shed. The steamer was enabled to leave for San Francisco on her scheduled time.

Officials Inspect Weak Spots.

Messrs. Boyd and Campbell of the Public Works Department say that the rain did not cause the damage it would have done a year ago. These officials of course received complaints from the low-lying districts where the water from the high lands is poured down upon the unfortunates residing in lower localities. Both Messrs. Boyd and Campbell paid a visit to the Kewalo section of the city, while the floods were at their height. They carefully inspected the various avenues for drainage in effect in that locality and the visit was prolific in a number of recommendations which will be considered in the general plan of drainage and street improvement to go into effect in Kewalo, as soon as the Territorial funds will permit.

An Independent Territory.

The Honolulu Iron Works and the Aloha Saloon were out of the jurisdiction of Honolulu. They formed a little commonwealth of their own, with the "Aloha" as the capitol and Harry Klemme as the president. The islanders made the best of a difficult situation, and with the help of some kins of primo, killed away joyfully the long hours of their isolation.

As the waters began to rise and all communication with the outer world was severed, a row boat was pressed into service and the machinists of the Iron Works enjoyed the novel experience of crossing Punchbowl street in a row boat. The street had been transformed into a big torrent and it required the efforts of a half dozen able-bodied men to haul up the boat on both sides of the river.

When the latest news reached the Republican office the islanders, by compulsion, were still confined on their little territory, singing Christmas carols and having a general good time.

Damage Reported Last Night.

The Punchbowl ditch was reported to have broken away last evening. This conduit drains a large portion of the slope of Punchbowl. The water from the hill came down Kinau, and then found its way to the lower portions of town thereby adding its quota to the prevailing dampness.

The Makiki drainage ditch was also washed away owing to the excessive pressure brought to bear upon the structure. From this source came a large portion of the waters of Tantalus. A small sided river of muddy water poured down Wilder avenue to Pilikoi street. Along Keeaumoku

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

Territorial Tugboat Eleu Towed to Port by Fearless

Spreckels' Boat Saves Its Rival When Disabled Underbid for Susie Plummer's Work Followed by Disaster When Eleu Fouls Her Own Line and Is Tossed Helplessly on a Rough Sea.

"The Eleu is disabled outside the harbor and wants to be towed in at once."

This was the message sent over the wire from the Harbor Master's office to Captain Brokaw, of the tug Fearless, last evening, about 7 o'clock. Brokaw was just about to sit down to a fine dinner after a hard day's work but the message took his appetite away. It was almost too good to be true, and before making tracks for the Fearless Brokaw confirmed the message by ringing up the pilot house. He found it was true and just then he heard the signal of the Fearless blowing for her captain.

Brokaw was soon on the deck of his fine vessel and on the way to the scene of the Eleu's plika. She was off port with a line fast to the schooner Susie Plummer and her nine-inch hawser foul of her propeller, tooting her whistle in long shrill blasts for assistance.

McAllister Wants to Know.

Going alongside Brokaw yelled to Captain McAllister of the Eleu to pass him a line. Just to be on the safe side McAllister wanted to know how much Brokaw was going to charge for the tow.

"I was sent out for you," said Brokaw.

"Well take me ashore then and never mind the schooner," said McAllister.

"Oh put the line aboard that you tow the scows with and I'll take you in and leave it to Fuller," answered Brokaw.

"That's right," said a voice out of the darkness. "I've been waiting out

here for two hours and am wet through," it added. The voice belonged to assistant harbor master Marks who was in a small boat out in the rain on the bosom of the broad Pacific, and in the state of mind of any man who is two hours late for a warm supper and waiting in a drenching rain.

Fearless Men Smile.

The line was passed to the Fearless and the boats started in from outside, the people on the government boat glad it was dark and the crew of the Fearless wishing it was high noon and a big crowd on the wharf.

It was a proud night for the crew of the Fearless. The idea of having to tow their competitor into the harbor was too good to be expressed in words and there were bright smiles, beautiful to look upon, on the faces of all from captain to coal passer. They were an expressive lot of smiles. They started under one ear and ended under the other. There was no red fire set off nor were there any cheers. The crew simply gloated and the gloat was a large, round, man's size gloat.

Result of Underbidding.

The fact that the Fearless was towing the Eleu in was extremely gratifying to those on the Spreckels' boat, especially as the government boat had underbid the Fearless for the work which caused the trouble. The schooner Susie Plummer wanted to come inside as a storm "was feared" and Brokaw made a price for the work. It was the regular charge. The Eleu was sent out to do the work for less than half of what the Fearless

wanted. She got her line aboard and the wire penant on the end of the nine-inch hawser snapped leaving the schooner at the mercy of the sea.

As soon as the wire parted the Eleu forged ahead. She was quite a distance from the schooner and started to back up to her to put another line aboard. The long hawser got foul of the tug's propeller in this maneuver and then she was in a tight box herself. Her engines stopped and nothing could be done to free the wheel. There was a tremendous swell running and the tug bobbed about like a cork on the water. She could be of no assistance to the schooner and was of no use to herself, so her anchor was let go.

Pilot Macaulay who was aboard the Alameda found out saw that the Eleu was in trouble and sent word to the Young Bros. to send their launch out after her. This could not be done so the Fearless was, as a last resort, sent for and brought the Eleu in with quickness and dispatch.

As there was no bargain made for the towing of the Eleu the bill for the Fearless' work will probably settle the matter of the competition which has interested the water front for several days.

Up to the present time there has been no complaint against the service of the Fearless in handling the shipping done. She has always done what she started out to do and has done it well.

The Eleu started out to tow the Plummer yesterday at 3 o'clock. The Eleu was towed in herself last evening at half past seven. The Plummer is still outside.

SANTA CLAUS AWARDS TWO PROMISED PRIZES

RECEIVES A HUNDRED LETTERS

Muriel Howatt Gets the Big Doll and Donald Lewis Takes Horse and Cart for Most Original Correspondence to Christmas King.

The Wall Nichols Santa Claus letter competition produced about a hundred correspondents and the judges had some difficulty in deciding which was the most original and childlike communication.

After a careful reading of all the letters received the representatives of Santa Claus decided that Muriel Howatt had won the boy's prize, and Muriel Howatt the girl's prize.

Muriel Howatt's Letter.

Dear Santa Claus: How have you been? I hope you have been very well. I would not put you back in your work? And how is dear Mrs. Criss Cringle? I hope she is well she is such a dear old lady. Dear Santa Claus I do not want to ask you for very many things. Because I do not want to impose on good good nature. Would you please give me a chair so I can rock my babies to sleep.

And would you please give me a doll's bed and a doll's bureau. And would you please fill all the other little girls' and boys' stockings and if you have not a enough for a poor girl or boy's stocking please take some out of mine so you can fill theirs full.

With lots of love from your little friend
MURIEL HOWATT.
Honolulu, Dec. 30, 1901.

What Donald Lewis Says.

My Dear Santa Claus: Sometimes I'm good and some times I'm naughty, but if you will excuse me I'll try to be much better. Please send me a box of Turtles and Ducks and other little things inside the box too. And I would like a little writing desk as I'm learning to write.

Donald Lewis.

Dec. the tenth.

The judges of the contest were representatives of the morning Republican and evening Star.

Feast for Prisoners.

The prisoners confined in the city jail and the Territorial prison will be treated to a special Christmas dinner today. A sumptuous feast, consisting of roast pig, fish, potatoes and other delicacies, has been arranged for the detainees on the inmates.

Government Holidays.

All Territorial buildings will be closed today. The various offices connected with the government will close on every afternoon included in the holiday week. New Year's Day will also be observed as a holiday.

SOLDIERS CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS ON SHORE

BOYS IN BLUE SEE THE SIGHTS

Remembrance of Home But Not of Fireside—Gazing Regretfully at Shops' Windows—Will Spend Today Ashore if Steamer Stays.

The cavalrymen from the transport Hancock are making the most of their Christmas shore leave despite the rain. Ponchos have been served out and with these waterproofs around them, the boys in blue last evening patrolled the town with a "happy to all" sort of an expression on their faces while they were taking in the sights at the stores.

The appearance of so many uniforms on the streets recalled the days of the Spanish-American war, and many warm-hearted citizens could be seen last night with little knots of cavalrymen in tow trying to make things a little "Christmassy" for them.

There is probably a touch of "heimweh" in the hearts of all of them but their military spartanhood forbids its expression.

Through the kindness of Captain Struve the "boys" will spend Christmas ashore, and in various ways will recall days of home and childhood.

QUIET CHRISTMAS EVE.

Soldiers From Hancock Cause Police But Little Trouble.

Last night's rain showed a marked effect upon the number of arrests made in police circles. At a late hour yesterday evening, but two offenders were brought to the central station. One was charged with drunkenness, while the other was arrested for heedless driving.

A number of the Hancock's men carried on quite a flourishing traffic in a wide variety of articles yesterday. A number of gold watches were offered for sale last evening. Several sold for ridiculously small prices, which aroused the curiosity of special officer Lon Agnew. The official immediately communicated with Deputy Sheriff Chillingworth who, upon investigation, ascertained that the articles of jewelry were the personal property of the parties disposing of the goods.

Monsarrat's New Map.

Surveyor M. D. Monsarrat has issued a new map of Honolulu. It is drawn on a scale of a thousand feet to the inch, and includes the city and the suburbs, from Waialae on the east to Kahanui on the west, and from the mountain tops to the ocean and harbor fronts on the south.

ODORS OF KEWALO REACH EXECUTIVE

TREASURER NOT AT MEETING

Colleagues Did Not Know He Was Home and Wright Did Not Know of Meeting—Coffee Prepared to Start the Alarm System.

Superintendent of Public Works J. H. Boyd yesterday submitted to the meeting of the executive in the Capitol a notice from A. J. Coffee to the effect that he is ready to install the Honolulu police telegraph alarm system. No action was taken in the matter, however, owing to the absence of Treasurer Wright.

The Honolulu Rapid Transit and Land Company had a request before the meeting for permission to run its line down the Waikiki road from the junction with John Ewa's road. There was no objection.

Superintendent Boyd referred to the terrible condition of Kewalo and said that something would have to be done for the sanitation of the district. He was going to have something done at once. No decision could be arrived at, however, as the Treasurer was not at the meeting.

Cotton Brothers desired to purchase the old scoop dredge. It was advised that the dredge be sold and Mr. Boyd awaits an offer from the firm wanting to buy.

A complaint to the effect that the Government trail was washed out and a request that a new trail be made came from G. D. Sape of Puna. There can be no Government trail, as there is no appropriation for that purpose. In speaking in regard to Kewalo and the fine assortment of boxes, open, stagnant drains, dirty ponds and fever swamps in that district, Mr. Boyd said that the contemplated effort at improving conditions there had nothing to do with the recent discussions of the Board of Health. The work, he said, would have been long ago but for lack of funds.

The Legislature appropriated \$20,000 for the draining of Kewalo, or, strictly speaking, the \$20,000 was voted. There was no money to appropriate and there is no money in the Treasury for this appropriation.

An amusing feature of yesterday's meeting of the executive was the fact that while Treasurer Wright was needed at the meeting but was supposed to be on Kaula, he was at the time of the meeting in his office downstairs, having returned from Kaula, but he did not know there was a meeting.

E. C. Macfarlane left yesterday for the Alameda on a business trip to the Coast.

EDITOR KILLS HIS CHRISTMAS TURKEY

Auger, Saw and Gun Do the Job Great American Bird Is Corraled Under House 'Midst Mud, Water and Some Language.

"I must go to market to pick out a good, fat turkey for our Christmas dinner," said the wife of the well-known and popular editor of one of the daily papers in the Paradise of the Pacific about a week or ten days ago.

"It is rather soon, is it not?" was the reply. "How are you going to keep it all that time?"

"Oh, we have a large ice box; it might just as well be in our refrigerator as in the cold storage of the market. Besides, we want to get one early so as to have our pick of the best, you know. Then prices are likely to jump just before Christmas, as the birds get scarce."

Wanted a Live Turk.

"I tell you a better plan than that," said the editor, who comes from "down east" and knows all about what constitutes a good Christmas turkey. "I will see to the matter myself. I'll look around for a fine live bird and bring it home and we will keep it in the yard and fatten it up for Christmas day. The children can amuse themselves by feeding it and we will have the joyful anticipation of a luculent feast every time we measure his chest and put him on the scales. Besides we will save money, because we can buy a turkey which is comparatively thin and fatten him up to double or treble the weight."

"Yes, that's a grand idea," agreed the lady of the house. "I've heard that pol is good fattening. We will feed the turkey on poi and we will have lots of fun watching him grow. Besides he will be a playmate for the children until Christmas."

Ye Editor Buys Ye Turk.

On the following day, true to his word, the genial and clever editor found time between his editorials to hire a hack and scour the wilds of Kalihi and Nuuanu for a turkey.

In a yard a mile or two out of the city he spied just what he wanted. Alighting from his hack the editor opened negotiations with the round Chinaman who presided over the place and finally went away with the turkey perched beside him on the seat of the hack.

It was a fine bird, though a trifle thin. He was tall and bony and showed a tremendous capacity for eating. The Chinaman had informed the editor that he would grow very fat if he was properly dieted.

An Appetite for Copy.

He weighed fifteen pounds and held his head like a prince. The editor drove to his office and tied the turkey in the yard back of the sanctum, there to remain while the editor finished an editorial on the needs of the hour.

He had scarcely commenced to write "We view with alarm the conditions which threaten to disrupt—" when his attention was attracted by a terrible noise in the back yard.

Going outside to see what had happened, he almost ran into the "devil" of the establishment who had just been sent to the composing room with a specially contributed Christmas poem. The boy was weeping and reported between sobs that the hungry hand had grabbed the copy from his hand and gobbled it up.

Hearing smothered laughter from the reporters' room, the editor decided to take the turkey home before it was the cause of his further embarrassment.

Turk Plays Watchdog.

Arriving home in a hack, after paying full fare for the turkey who insisted upon occupying a seat beside him, the editor induced the bird to enter his front garden. The turkey manifested a desire to go into the house. The editor restrained this propensity, however, by removing his belt and tying the beast by the leg to a young orange tree.

The editor called his wife and together they then admired the turkey and passed upon his various good points and numerous signs of promise. After his owners and prospective devourers had disappeared into the house the turkey began to look around. He seemed pleased. First he fumbled his bill over the short cropped grass in a critical way, then he cocked a wicked eye at the baby fruit on the young orange tree. A particular orange attracted his attention. He began doing stunts to reach it. He found the easiest way was to charge at the fruit, fluttering a little

Answer of Kamalo.

The Kamalo Sugar Company has filed its answer to the suit of the Hawaiian Hardware Company. It is a general denial and is signed by F. M. Hatch, T. McCants Stewart, George A. Davis, J. A. Magoon and T. I. Dillon, as counsel for the corporation.

way from the ground. In this way he soon had the orange in his gizzard. He repeated this trick until all the oranges in reach had been lost in the elastic vacuum of the inner Turk.

The Turk Growth Fat.

Days passed by as they generally do. The turkey waxed strong, fat and proud. The children had tried to play with him, but he objected to associating on familiar terms with human-kind. He ate poi, corn, geraniums, violets and dthe labels from tomato cans. When he became tired of this fare he changed it, tasting an occasional maidenhead fern and showing a particular love for potted plants. The editor removed the Turk from the flower garden after this and tethered him out in a vacant lot where a family horse chewed for a living.

The Turk became so stuck-up and fat and pugnacious that there was no living with him. He disputed the other-wise vacant lot with the horse and breaking his tether, chased the gentle quadruped until he got him by the hind leg and held on, though the family horse kicked like a mule.

The editor finally decided to put the Turk under the house. It was then only a couple of days before Christmas. More days had passed since those heretofore mentioned as passing.

It was Sunday, last Sunday, when the editor, the Japanese yard boy, a neighbor and a policeman managed to get the Turk in under the house.

Killing of the American Bird.

"I guess you had better kill the turkey today," said the editor's wife to the editor at the breakfast table yesterday morning.

The editor passed his cup for more coffee. "Coffee will brace me up a bit," he said. "I am a little nervous as the result of the continual strain that turkey has put me to."

"Hadt't you better have the thing done before you got to the office?" asked the editor's wife. "Then the yard boy can go to work on it right away."

"Yes, I guess I might as well kill the beast now, it will only take me three minutes," said the editor.

He went to the kitchen, selected the best of two hatchets, sharpened it on the edge of the other, put on his rubber boots, for it was raining all day and there was something of a flood under the house, and then ducked his ponderosity well underneath closing the small lattice door behind him.

The telephone bell in the editor's house rang. The editor's wife answered it. "The Turk is down to the office in a few minutes," she answered the voice on the wire. But this happened half an hour after the editor had gone under the house.

Reappearance of the Editor.

A little before lunch-time the editor reappeared in the house. He was all over mud. There was mud in his hair. There were feathers in his moustache. There were wounds upon his hands, but there was no blood upon his hachet and the bird was still under the house.

"Isn't the turkey killed?" asked his wife.

"Wait a moment," said the editor. "I have him where he can't get away. I've got him sure this time. We've set a keg of pails in the fight and the heavy keg fell on the turkey's leg and he can't get away. He is even now pinned to the mud and water, directly beneath the center table in the parlor."

Auger, Saw and Revolver.

The editor, after changing his clothes and taking a bath, removed the parlor carpet and then, with the aid of a small saw and an auger he made a hole in the floor and bade his wife look down below. The editor's wife looked. She saw the turkey; and Mr. Turk's face was the picture of despair.

The editor then went to a bureau draw and secured a big revolver. It was loaded. He got down on his knees over the opening in the floor, leveled the gun, took careful aim and fired.

Today the editor and his wife and their children with a friend and his wife and their children, who are invited guests, will devour the delicious flesh of Mr. Turkey.

Christmas Tree Postponed.

Rev. G. L. Pearson announces that the Sunday School exhibition and Christmas tree, which were to have taken place last night at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, has been postponed till Thursday night at 7 o'clock on account of the storm.